Marquee Nights: A Love Letter to a Lost Era

An EP from Éireál & OB Branán

Marquee Nights is a personal attempt to bottle the magic, the anticipation, the excitement, the shyness, and the genuine romance of 1970s rural Ireland. Set against the backdrop of fleeting summer dances in giant tents in Inishowen Donegal, this collection of five songs captures the unique beauty and innocence of an era that just slipped past.

It is a nostalgic journey told through the voices of Éireál and OB Branán, who guide us through one perfect, unforgettable night.
The story unfolds like the night itself:

The Excitement: We start with the nervous anticipation of getting ready, the heart tapping time down the hill, leading to the thrilling crush of the dance floor in "One Breath, One Beat."

The Energy: This is followed by the high-spirited pulse of the Celtic Jive in "One Step From Yes," capturing the bright lights, the playful fiddle, and the feeling of dancing like the weekend might carry you away.

The Reluctance: As the night ends, the music slows for the quiet tension of the walk home. The central duet, "What If I Asked You," is a hesitant, intimate ballad that perfectly articulates the nervousness and desperate wish to hold onto the moment beneath the moonlit rowan tree.

The Remembrance: The EP closes by reflecting on what was lost. "Chasin' That Glow" and "Waltz Beneath the Paper Stars" offer a melancholic look back, acknowledging that some connections - and some eras - are beautiful precisely because they are fleeting.

This is music steeped in warm analog textures, fiddle sighs, and soft baritone whispers. It's not just about the showband; it's about that first glance, the borrowed car, and the sweet, almost overwhelming feeling of possibility that existed before the day dawned.

Éireál and OB Branán are the twin lanterns of Owen Brennan's vision — voices born to carry his songs through the half-light of memory and myth. One speaks in the hush between heartbeats; the other sings where the rain meets the canvas. Together they hold the glow of a world that still dances beneath the Donegal stars.

Step inside the Marquee and remember the feeling of forever.

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One Breath One Beat - Artist: OB Branán

Shoes shone till they catch the last sun
My best coat hangs by the bottom stair
I knot my tie with fingers numb
And pocket change for tea and crisps to share

Down the hill where the gorse glints gold
Past the post-box painted green and worn
My heart taps time against my ribs - too bold
For a lad who's never danced past midnight's horn

MARQUEE LIGHTS DANCE ON YOUR HAIR!
I FORGOT MY NAME STANDING THERE!
One breath, one beat, one step into your sway -
The whole wide world just slipped away

You held my gaze, you knew my mind
Glanced once, then looked back through the crowd
I didn't move - I couldn't find
My feet until the band played soft and proud

No grand speech, no clever line
Just the fiddle's sigh and your quiet smile
We turned in time to that old brass line
And suddenly, the night felt worth the while

MARQUEE LIGHTS DANCE ON YOUR HAIR!
I FORGOT MY NAME STANDING THERE!
One breath, one beat, one step into your sway -
The whole wide world just slipped away

I can still hear that tune... even today
Every time, that wind blows through my mind

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Chasin' That Glow – Artist: OB Branán

Marquee lights blinked through the Donegal rain
You stepped out in that blue-checked dress again
Hair like midnight, eyes like morning sky
Didn't say much - but you didn't need to try

We moved slow to the showband tune
Your hand in mine beneath the August moon

Felt like forever in that marquee hall
Didn't know then you'd be gone by fall

Oh, that dancehall magic, soft and true
Just me and you in '72
You spun like summer, left like snow
And I've been chasing that glow

Years roll on like that red car down the lane
Still hear your laugh in the wind and rain
Same stars above the empty field
Where we once swayed, and dreams were sealed

Oh, that dancehall magic, soft and true
Just me and you in '72
You spun like summer, left like snow
And I've been chasing that glow

No grand goodbye, no letter sent
Just silence where your voice once went
But in my mind, you're dancing still
Beneath those lights in Culdaff field

Oh, that dancehall magic, soft and true
Just me and you in '72
You spun like summer, left like snow
And I've been chasing that glow

Chasing that glow...
Chasing that glow...
Long after the music's gone...[piano solo]

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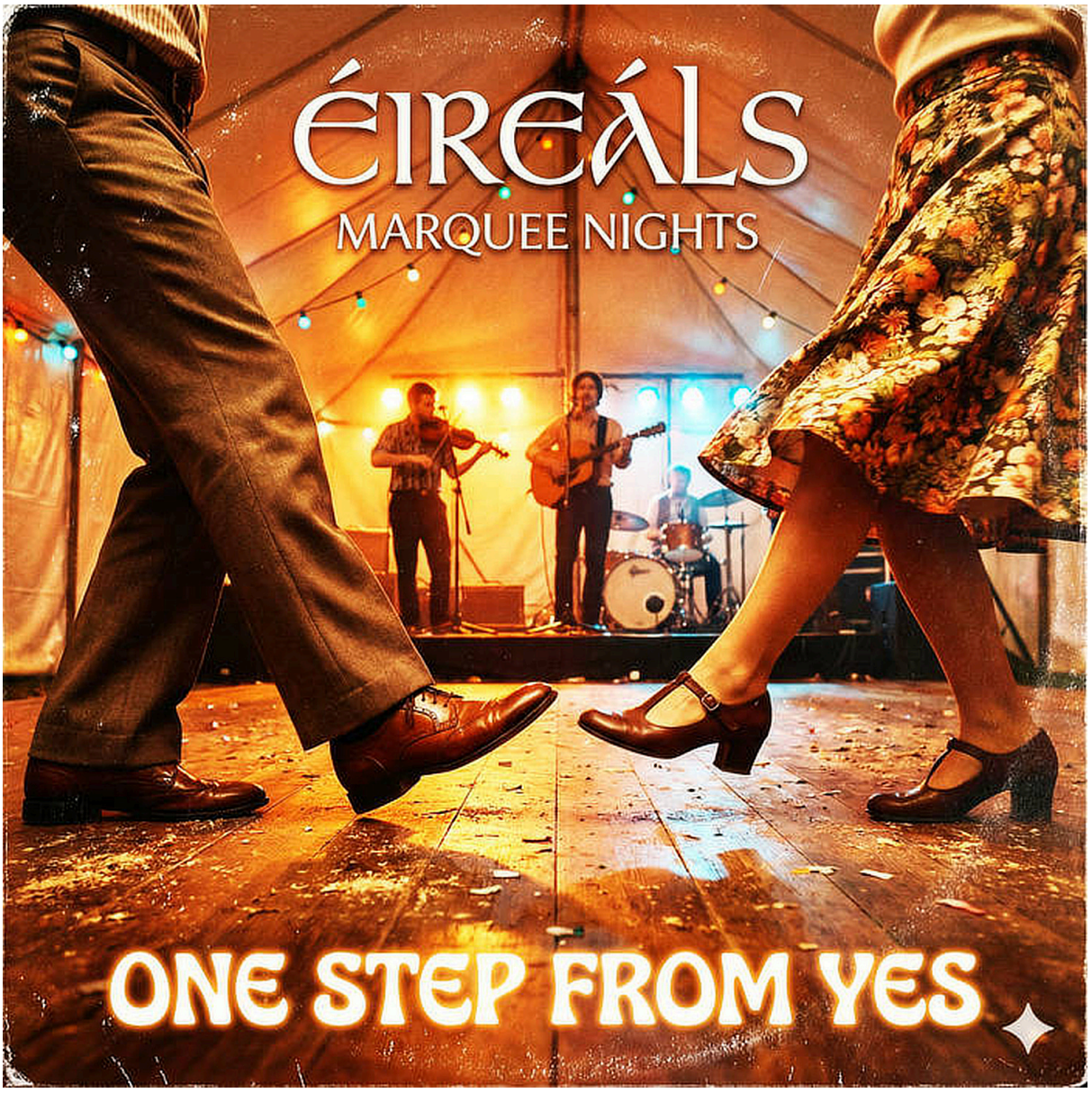

One Step From Yes - Artist: Éireál

Fairy lights shimmer through the Donegal rain
You're at the piano playing my song
The floorboards creak like secrets we keep
While the night hums low and the air feels sweet

I've counted every time you looked my way
Held my breath through every song you'd sway
Now the band's speeding up, the crowd leans in
And I'm wondering if this could be the beginning

One step from yes, one smile from maybe
The snare snaps bright and the fiddle plays freely
Your eyes find mine as the marquee sways
And I'm dancing like the weekend might carry me away

Your boots tap time to the fastest reel
I catch your laugh—it's all too real
No grand confession, just a glance held long
Enough to make a girl feel fierce and strong

The fiddle sighs, the lanterns dip low
You tilt your head like you already know
That I've been waiting, quiet and true
For a moment like this to pull me through

One step from yes, one smile from maybe
The snare snaps bright and the fiddle plays freely
Your feet find mine as the marquee sways
And I'm dancing like the weekend might carry me away

No promises whispered, no vows in the air
Just your shoulder brushing mine like you care
And the music rising, warm and wide
Like the tide's pulling hope back inside

One step from yes, one smile from maybe
The snare snaps light and the fiddle plays freely
Your hand finds mine as the marquee sways
And I'm dancing like the weekend might carry me away

One step… just one…
And the lights don't fade
Carry me
Carry me
Carry me .. Away.....

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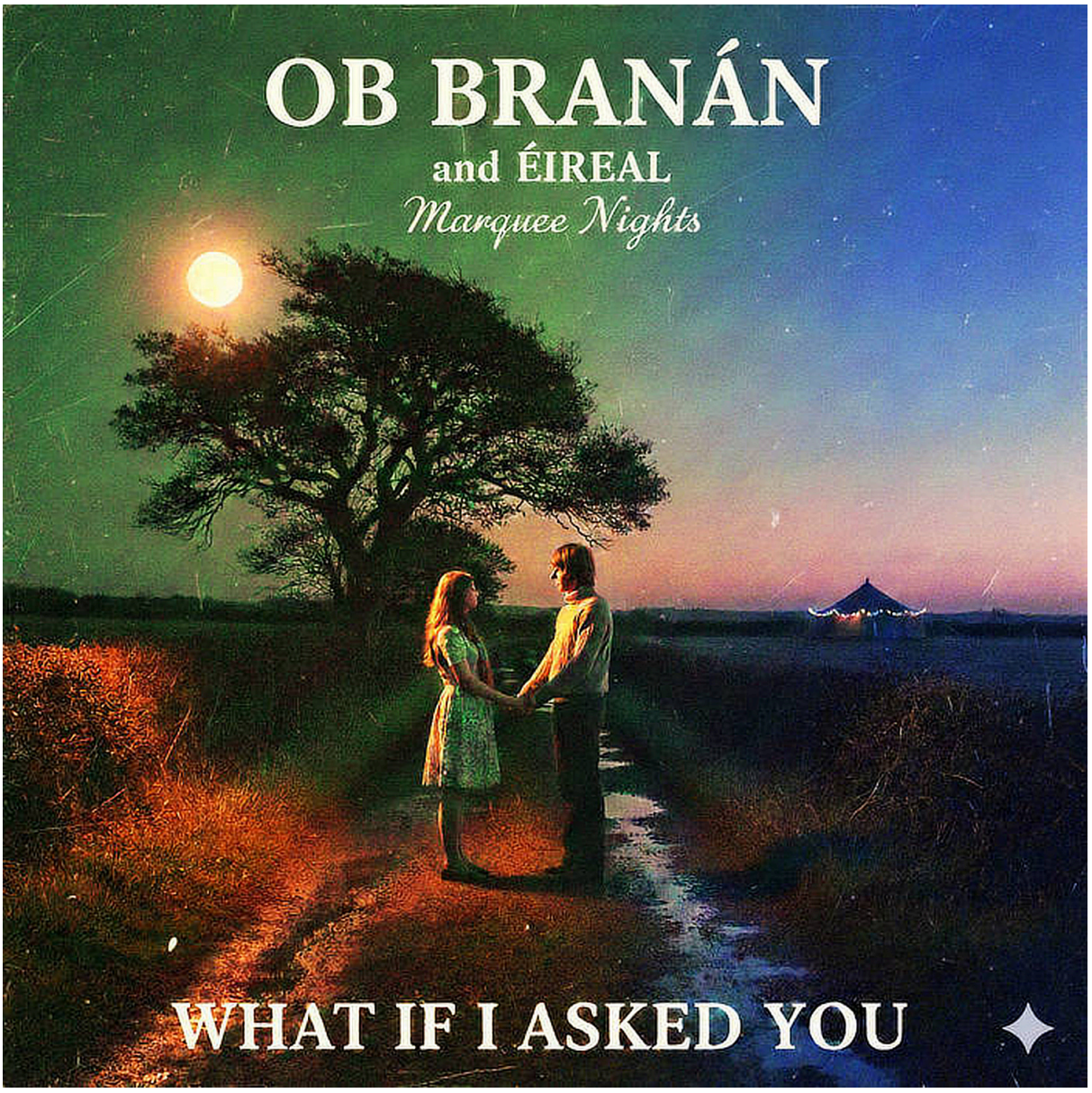

What If I Asked You *Artists: OB Branán & Éireál*

The marquee sigh fades behind us
Stones crunch soft beneath your shoes
You pull your scarf up-to your chin
And I wonder what to do... **(OB Branán)**

A shadow stretches down the lane
Moonlight in puddles left by rain
Your hand brushes mine - just once - and then
You look and hum that tune again ***(Éireál)***
The church bell's still asleep
No rooster's call the sun

Just you and me and this long road
Before the day's begun ***(OB Branán)***

Keep the night a little longer
Let the stars not fade away
Hold this time like borrowed treasure
'Til the night forgets to fade ***(both)***

Hedges drip with silver dew
Your breath makes ghosts in morning air
I count each step, slow as I can
Wishing this road would never end ***(Éireál)***

You stop beneath the rowan tree
Say nothing - but your eyes stay on me
And in that glance, a whole new world
Where words have never been ***(OB Branán)***

The first light starts to climb
Across the furrowed hill
But if you'll walk just one more mile
I'd follow - and always will ***(Éireál)***

Keep the night a little longer
Let the stars not fade away
Hold this time like borrowed treasure
'Til the night forgets to fade ***(both)***

(Éireál whispers)
What if I asked you...
...to wait?

So keep the night a little longer
And let the dawn forgive our pace
For every moment walking with you
Is a lifetime I could face! ***(both)***

(Éireál whispers)
don't let the morning take you...

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Waltz Beneath the Paper Stars - Artist OB *Branán*

Marquee lights flickered through the mist
You wore that dress with the faded hem
Hair pulled back, eyes wide and clear
Didn't speak much—but I still hear

Three steps slow on the warped floorboards
My shoulder warm against your words
Piano tune drifting soft and low

Didn’t know then you’d choose to go

Oh, that waltz beneath the paper stars
Just you and me in ‘72 bars.
You turned like dusk, then slipped from view
And I’ve been dancing with the ghost of you

Now the Marquee's gone, and nettles grow
Where couples spun in afterglow
But when the rain taps on my pane
I swear I feel your hand again

Oh, that waltz beneath the paper stars
Just you and me in ‘72 bars.
You turned like dusk, then slipped from view
And I’ve been dancing with the ghost of you

No last word, no whispered why
Just an empty space where you once stood
But in the night before dawn’s hue
We’re still swaying in ‘72

Oh, that waltz beneath the paper stars
Just you and me in ‘72 bars
You turned like dusk, then slipped from view
And I’ve been dancing with the ghost of you

Dancing with the ghost of you...
Long after the lights dimmed blue.....

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